

A new merry Ballad I haue here to shew,  
Come pence a peece for them, I tell you but so.

To an old tune, newly furbushr.

You'd doe so, would you not, Yes I warrant you.



**M**y Masters attend,  
unto me giue eare:  
To speake like a friend,  
I meane not to spare,  
Great Noze of abuses,  
bats you the Weir,  
God counsell refuse not,  
I tell you but so.

Take heed of false Jesuites,  
and Masse-priests so vile,  
That many poore people,  
oft doe beguile:  
If you be rul'd by them,  
I doe well know:  
Your Soules in great danger,  
I tell you but so.

The Pope they will tell you,  
can pardon your finnes:  
All vices meritorious,  
heauen it selfe winnes:  
To Rome on pilgrimage,  
if you will but goe;  
Some againe like an Asse,  
I tell you but so.

If Physicke for your health,  
you meane to take:  
Be leake safe for your Earth,  
when they doe ake;  
Unto Quack-saluers,  
no; Mountebanks goe,  
Their medicines with dogges  
I tell you but so.

They haue a rare medicine,  
to kill all the Fleas,  
Great skill also  
at parching of Pease, (cough  
By Each hath caught the  
of them Ioe faine know,  
Whatso god so; the whole some,  
I tell you but so.

Beware of false whores  
inticing baytes,  
To worke your destruction,  
they'l vse many sleights:  
Remember the Proverbe,  
put fire to tow:  
You are in danger of burning  
I tell you but so.

Their beantie is paintleg,  
their lone it is as tart:  
Honey in the mouth,  
but Gall in the heart.  
If you kepe them company,  
and with them goe,  
You may ride with them to Ty.  
I tell you but so. (burne,

You that for nothing  
will goe to Law,  
Wring your neighbours,  
for a Riche as a straw.  
Because of your laking,  
your purse will growe low:  
Don't proue your selues Core.  
I tell you but so. (combs

Forget not I say,  
that Embleme so rare,  
Which teaches you how,  
the Wyser to share,  
Thou must haue one well,  
the other thy foe,  
The fifth is the Lawyers,  
I tell you but so.

Regard not the hatred,  
of lewd idle people:  
Morus hath looke away,  
like Grantham Skiple:  
Reueale not thy secrets,  
to friend, no; to foe,  
There's failehood in friendship  
I tell you but so.

In gaming and drinking,  
spend no time away,  
Poeth cannot last long,  
age will decay.  
Poyle Wayles by my friend,  
if wind doe fairely blow:  
Yet kepe still in Compass,  
I tell you but so.

In choyce of a wife,  
chose modest and chaste,  
For beantie decapeth,  
when vertue doth last.  
Unto Fortune-tellers,  
at no time goe:  
For they tell but chancie,  
I tell you but so.

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## The second part. To the same tune.



**T**ake heed how you come,  
into the Curriers lawes:  
Their gripes are moze fearfull  
than Eagles clawes.

Rep hands friend from bonds  
and Quertship to:

The Begger will catch you,  
I tell you but so.

The Broker, his brother,  
is as bad o' wozs:

If they but a little  
money disburse:

They'l sucke out your marrow  
your hearts blood also:

Their dangerous Wipers,  
I tell you but so.

The Devil their grandfire;  
taught them their trade:  
Since which time they haue,  
great use of it made.

The payes hearts to grate,  
so canking their toes,  
Amend else you'll rue it,  
I tell you but so.

All you wicked liners,  
punkes, Dories and knaves,  
That bying many people,  
to dutiously graves.

The Carters they are ready,  
the Beables also,  
You must tuggle like Hoxses,  
I tell you but so.

You Pimps, Cheats & Dan-  
& such roaring hoves, (vers  
That in Alehouse & Tanernes  
doe still make a noise,  
The Carters call for you,  
come away, so do,  
You must tuggle lusty lively  
I tell you but so. (Lads,

You lads, Nick-Nave-holes,  
and Tom-Pigeon-holes,  
That spend your time so idly,  
not regarding your shoules,

The Carters they are ready,  
the Beables also,

They will lash you neatly,  
I tell you but so.

You neat nimbling Diners  
of Cutpurse-Hall,

To dally in the Cart  
fears you not at all,

New-gate's prepared,  
there you shall goe,

And after to Tyburne  
I tell you but so.

A dyunkard last night,  
in the Watch being taken,  
His Wenches had gull'd him  
and himselfe sozaken.

The Constable asked him,  
where he would goe,  
His answer was alwayes,  
I tell you but so.

Unto the Counter,  
they sent him away,  
Where swearing and roaring,  
all night he lay.

A hole he did lode,  
to the hole he must goe,  
Where he had cold comfort,  
I tell you but so.

Here comes a Canilliers,  
fough how he doth swell,  
Of Punks, and of Cinet.  
Cats turds would doe well.

Why is he perfumed?

O yes, I doe know,  
He has got Morbus Gallicus,  
I tell you but so.

Fine mincing Spinster,  
In Coach must belogg'd,  
She hath got a great belly,  
at playing leaps-frog,  
She sayes tis a Company  
cansteth her wee,  
Tis true tis a fine one,  
I tell you but so.

Fine Susan at dancing,  
both take great delight:  
The Garland she winneth,  
from all the Maydes quite,  
She has a fault in the turne,  
but not on the toe,  
She turns late into a man,  
he turned her also.

The world at the first  
of nothing was made,  
Plaine-dealing then,  
was the onely Trade,  
But afterward wozs & wozs  
it did still grow;  
So mend it, or end it,  
I tell you but so.

And thus to conclude,  
an end soz to make,  
Colen doth grumble,  
my Ramocks doth ake:  
A packing penny,  
if you will bestow,  
I will goe to Dinner,  
I tell you but so.

F I B I D.

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